

THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 13.

FOR WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 2, 1865.

TEN CENTS.

CONTENTS.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| THE WAR OF COLOUR. REVIEWS. | AN AUTUMN EVENING AT THE SEA-SIDE (Poetry). |
| THE MAGAZINES. | THE FASHIONS. |
| PALMERSTON (Poetry). | CHESS. |
| MISCELLANEA. | PASTIMES. |
| LIST OF NEW BOOKS. | PUZZLES—CONUNDRUMS. |
| A DANGEROUS CURE. | TRANSPPOSITIONS. |
| DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY. | CHARADES—PROBLEM. |
| COMING (Poetry). | ANAGRAMS. |
| THE WISHES SHOP. | ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, & Co., & Co., & Co. |
| THE YOUNG CHEMIST. | ANSWERS TO CORRE- SPONDENTS. |
| OUR DICTIONARY OF PHRASES. | SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL. |
| NOMENCLATURE. | WITTY AND WELLSICAL. |
| THE GREATNESS OF LITTLE THING. | |

Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,

"HALF A MILLION OF MONEY,"

written by the author of "Barbara's History" for
All the Year Round, edited by CHARLES DICKENS.

NOTICE.

ALL the back numbers of the READER are now
in print, and we shall be happy to forward them
to any subscribers who may need them to make
up their sets.

ANY person getting up a Club of five will be
entitled to a free copy of the READER, during the
existence of the Club; and if a yearly Club of ten,
to a free copy of the paper, and a handsomely
bound copy (two volumes) of Garneau's History
of Canada, which is published at \$3.00 by R.
Worthington, Publisher and Bookseller, next
door to Post Office, Montreal.

THE WAR OF COLOUR.

THE insurrection in Jamaica is one more misfor-
tune befallen to the unfortunate African race.
The Negro is not by nature a cruel being, neither
is the gentle and effeminate native of Bengal, or
even of Oude, but the atrocities committed in the
insurrection in St. Domingo, and in the Sepoy
rebellion in India, would lead us to a different
conclusion. How then are we to account for the
cruelties which disgraced these and similar out-
breaks, amongst others, that which has just oc-
curred in Jamaica? We attribute them to the
war of colour which has existed from the earliest
ages of which we have any knowledge, and
which we fear will continue to exist, in spite of
all that Christianity, philosophy, and civilization
can do to suppress it. The Hindoo, though fan-
atically attached to his own religion, though he
will not intermarry, nor eat, nor drink, nor be
buried with those of a different faith, is generally
the reverse of intolerant in dealing with the reli-
gion of his neighbour, however antagonistic to his
own peculiar creed. It was not a hatred of
Christianity that induced the Sepoys to the
massacre and torture of women and children. It
was the colour of their victims that they detested,
and not their belief. We find this feeling preva-
lent everywhere, in India, in Africa, and on this
continent; and we suspect that the more refined
the society, the more bitter the conflict of colour.
In the eagerness of our philanthropy, in the
pride of our philosophy, we must not hide this
important fact from ourselves. We may reason
against it, we may denounce it as foolish and
unworthy; but there it is. Few educated men

would extend their benevolence, or brotherly
charity, so far as to give their daughters and
sisters in marriage to a black man. All that the
best of us can do is to be just to him, but there
is a barrier between him and us which must
keep us for ever asunder in our domestic and
family relations. Nor is the repugnance on our
side alone. The white man is an object of
horror to the black man, until he becomes ac-
customed to the sight. When Mungo Park was
travelling in Africa, the women and children con-
sidered him such a disgusting object, that they
closed their eyes as he passed by, and avoided
him as something monstrous and horrible. In
the African imagination the devil is painted white,
and when the Europeans first visited Hindostan
they were believed to be men without skins,
abortions whom nature had put forth in an unfin-
ished and unseemly garb. We do no good to
the Negro by ignoring these truths, and it is a
false humanity which overlooks them. In the
United States the Negro question is surrounded
with difficulties, and there has been much un-
sound sentiment uttered on the subject both by
English and American philanthropists. That
slavery is the worst of human evils requires no
other argument than that to be drawn from the
fact that it necessarily involves the utter degra-
dation of the slave. Knowledge is power, and
that power must be withheld from him, or he be-
comes dangerous. At the period of negro eman-
cipation in the British West Indies, the population
of the Island of Antigua consisted of 30,000 blacks,
and about 200 whites. Had the blacks the
strength conferred by knowledge, they could have
thrown their white masters into the sea; but though
well treated as mere animals, they were kept in
a brutal state of ignorance, and in all but some
of the outward signs of civilization were as tho-
rough savages as their forefathers were when
brought from Africa several generations before.

That the United States Government, and the
people of the North, are anxious to do justice to
the large Negro population of the country, cannot
be denied. The moment that the black man ceased
to be a slave, he became a free citizen of the Union,
and his rights as such are fully defined in the
Constitution. It is an outrage against principle
to abridge these rights; still an educational test
might even be made a benefit to the negro him-
self; and would perhaps be less objectionable
than a property qualification, differing from that
of his white fellow citizen. We do not think that
the Northern sections of the country are as much
interested in this question, regarding it from a
material point of view, as the South. The Negro
is a product of the tropics, and he is out of his
place in a cold climate. Gradually, therefore, the
thousands who, while slavery prevailed, sought
refuge in Canada and the Northern States, will
migrate southward to their own benefit, and that
of the places they leave. We are aware that our
plain speech may sound offensive to some persons
for whom we entertain the highest respect, but
we cannot help that; "the truth is always the
truth." By the way, there is one fallacy in con-
nection with this subject which has obtained very
wide belief. It is asserted that the institution of
slavery is averse to intellectual development,
even on the part of slaveholders. Experience is
opposed to this view of the case. When the
Greek tragedies were written, when the wonders
of Grecian art were produced, Athens overflowed
with a slave population. Cicero tells us that in
travelling over Italy, one encountered everywhere
no other inhabitant than the patrician masters
and their serfs, yet the Romans of that age were
unequaled perhaps in the annals of the world for
talents and genius. A detestation of slavery ought
not to render us blind to the truths and lessons
of history.

REVIEWS.

Books for review should be forwarded, as soon as
published, to the Editor, SATURDAY READER.

MAPLE LEAVES. A Budget of Legendary, Histo-
rical, Critical, and Sporting Intelligence. By
J. M. Lemoine, Esq. Quebec: Holliswell &
Alexander. Printed for the Author by Hunter,
Rose & Co. Dawson Brothers, Montreal,
Series 1-2-3.

Mr. J. M. Lemoine has earned for himself an
honourable name in Canadian literature. His
"Maple Leaves," especially, afford some hours of
most pleasant reading to all who take an interest
in the history, the traditions, the legends, the
scenery, the sports, the "good old times" of the
country, under French as well as English
rule. Although even intensely patriotic, his
work, now under consideration, is marked with
the liberality characteristic of the true lover of
letters, and which is as creditable to him as the
research, taste and knowledge displayed in these
delightful volumes. With due respect for Mr.
Garneau, and others, to whom we are anxious to
award all praise, we think that the history of
Canada has yet to be written; and, from the
specimens he has presented to us, we should be
pleased that Mr. Lemoine should undertake the
task, which we are sure would be to him a labour
of love. The history of New France might be
made as entertaining as Prescott's Conquest of
Mexico; for the adventures of Cortes and his
hardy band of Conquistadors are scarcely more
extraordinary than those of the first discoverers
of Canada, their contests with the savages, their
journeys in trackless forests, the devotion and
martyrdom of the Jesuit fathers, the struggle for
empire with the English colonists, the Dutch, and
others; while the land opened gradually before
them, from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi,
and the far off Arctic regions. There was no
lack of great men on the scene which opened
with Jacques Cartier and Champlain, and closed
with Montcalm. The history of all new coun-
tries is but the biography of the chief actors in
its conquest or settlement, and Mr. Prescott
discovered that truth before he wrote his Con-
quest of Mexico. With this rule as his guide,
the Canadian historian might produce a work
equally interesting; and we repeat the wish that
Mr. Lemoine may be the fortunate man. In the
meantime, we congratulate him, and his readers
too, on the successful treatment of detailing por-
tions of the subject in the volumes before us,
though this is only a part of their merit.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By Charles Dickens.
With Illustrations. New York: Harper Bros.
Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

Dickens' last tale, "Our Mutual Friend," has
come to us in book form, and a welcome offering
it is. We do not know if this novel can be justly
ranked among Mr. Dickens' great works of the
first decade of his career as an author; but it is
undoubtedly the most extraordinary that ever
issued from his pen. The new characters intro-
duced in every chapter and page, the charac-
teristics of each so distinct and different, are a
marvel of artistic skill; while the grotesque
humour in which he and they absolutely revel,
have no parallel, so far as our knowledge ex-
tends, in the works of any writer of any age,
with the exception of those of Rabelais. Pope
speaks of his friend Swift as equally excellent:

Whether he wears Cervantes' serious air,
Or laughs with Rabelais to his easy chair.

But the sardonic Dean of St. Patrick's had little
in common with the great French humorist be-